

THE ARGUS.

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Saturday, May 22, 1915.

THE JUDICIAL SITUATION.

Since the organization of Rock Island county the time never has been when it has been without a resident circuit court judge. Yet now, with a constantly increasing calendar and a congested condition of court business, the republican party, so far as it lies within its power to do so, has seen fit to disfranchise the county of Rock Island in the selection of men to sit on its circuit bench for the next term of six years.

The growing desire of the people for years has been to keep the bench free from the influence of partisanship. Every possible precaution, in fact, was taken by the framers of the constitution to provide for this very thing.

The only way to rebuke the intention of politics into the judiciary of this district and to insure Rock Island county a resident judge is through the election of S. R. Kenworthy.

Wonder if the belligerents will consider the baseball apparatus which Sam Johnson has contracted to supply for the soldiers in Europe contraband of war?

No more effective peace propaganda could be started in Europe than the great American national game, provided it once gets a fair start among the boys who are doing the fighting.

Colonel Lowden's familiar features again look out from the pages of the country weeklies and in the story running with them is a paragraph beginning, "If I were governor."

If the meaning of the Turkish word Kild is indicated by its English spelling it is a synonym as applied to fort bearing the name, judging by the number of times the allies have found they were mistaken in assuming that its batteries were silenced.

Illinois physicians were told this week at their meeting at Springfield that the cause of obesity lies in the brain. This being true it must be that it was a scientist several years in advance of his time who gave to the world that picturesque term "fathead."

Isn't it possible that the British are overdoing the praise of the bravery of the colonials which is coming so freely from official sources? If this is kept up too long the Canadians, Australians, Hindus and New Zealanders may conclude that their men are doing all the fighting.

A Berlin dispatch declares that 3,000,000,000 marks, or 2,157,000,000, was subscribed to the second German war loan. Were it possible to coin this amount into money it would weigh 7,822,848 pounds. To move this treasure by rail would require a train made up of 119 freight cars, each holding 30 tons.

There is at least something to think about in Senator Lewis' suggestion that it might some time be considered advisable to remove the national capital from Washington to Chicago to meet the exigencies of war. When one considers how confident the allies are of forcing their way to Constantinople, a city infinitely harder to reach than Washington and guarded by a vastly greater force of trained men than this country could put into the field, he is forced to admit, however reluctantly, that there may be some need of providing an auxiliary capital for the United States. So viewing the situation, why not try Rock Island arsenal first?

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

Elsewhere in this issue is printed a picture of the new Rock Island county jail as the architect has designed it and placed where the county board has voted to build it. Take a good look at it and ask yourself how you will like it planted up against one of the fronts of the court house.

No stronger indictment of the plan of placing the structure on the same block with the court house can be drawn than this picture presents. It also shows the folly of the attempt to make the jail slightly by the addition of the sheriff's residence at the front.

A jail carries an unpleasant suggestion however beautiful its architectural lines and wherever it is placed. This one does not conform in any manner to the style of the court house of which it is made virtually an annex. It will not even be made of the same kind of material. For all anyone knows, it may be faced with brick instead of stone.

This is not an especially slightly building, even as jails go. Its form has been determined largely by the limitations of its site. Further, it has a sheriff's residence set up like a box against the north end and the heating

plant attached at the rear with the smokestack rising like the caudal appendage of a toad.

The most serious feature is the destruction from the appearance of the court house. The jail is not to be built at the rear, as defenders of the board's action have chosen to view it. There is no fear of the county temple, for it was contrived to face both east and west, the two fronts being identical and the structure being placed in the middle of the block. The new jail, if present plans are carried out, will be placed in front of the court house just as truly almost as if it were set on the east instead of the west side, and this is the way it will be viewed so long as it endures.

The chief argument against finding another site for the jail has been the alleged desire of the county board to carry out the will of the people as expressed at the time the bond issue was voted, nothing being incorporated in the question to secure an expression on this phase.

It is rather strange that there should be so much solicitude on this point now, however. The people supposed they were voting a tax to retire a bond issue of \$15,000 for the jail, but since then they have learned that the tax really will produce at least one-third more than that sum, giving enough of a surplus to buy several acres. What is to be done with the money?

Neither did the people place themselves on record in any manner which might be construed as demanding the addition to the jail of a palatial residence for the sheriff, but this is being done.

The Argus has been urging a separate site for the jail because it believes that it is a mistake to crowd the structure up against the court house in defiance of all the laws of sanitation, sanitation and future economy. It has contended that the disposition in widespread communities is to take the jail away from the court house, and data from other counties have been submitted to prove it.

No personal reflections have been made upon anyone connected with the undertaking, either members of the jail committee, others belonging to the board, or the architect employed by the committee, though some of these, apparently, have been disposed to remark critically on a matter of public policy as personal reflections.

The supervisors are standing upon precedent in the matter of the site. The Rock Island jail always has been in the court house square. They have precedent on their side in regard to the sheriff's residence. Was not the 6-1/2 acre plot primarily a sheriff's residence, and have we not had quarters for the sheriff's family in the building which has stood for 60 years?

The point The Argus has been trying to make is that the world moves, even though not everybody appears to be aware of the fact, and it is going to continue to move. The time has come when fine public buildings are conceded to be worthy of space for a proper scenic setting, and the sheriff of this county is now paid a sufficient salary to enable him to have a home of his own.

Rock Island county will wake up some time and realize its mistake. It is now as if that awakening were fated to come too late.

PARTY LABEL ON THE BENCH

Republican newspapers in the Fourteenth judicial district are urging the election of the three republican candidates for the bench at the election June 1 on strictly partisan grounds. They offer no other reason to support them except that they are republicans, and this in spite of the fact that the aim of the law and the desire of the people is that the bench be freed as far as possible from party machinations. Such an appeal will not weigh much with thinking people.

As a matter of fact the party consideration is the one which most strongly argues against the men on the republican ticket. Long control of the bench has led the republican managers to regard the judiciary as part of their political property, and in this campaign they have quarreled so bitterly among themselves for possession of a supposed party sinecure that they have disregarded utterly not only the spirit of the law, but the real interests of the people, especially those of Rock Island county.

And now they have the nerve to raise the contention that possession of the party brand should be regarded as the supreme qualification for election.

What a farce they are trying to make of the campaign!

CALIFORNIA AND GOOD ROADS.

California is about to vote on a \$15,000,000 bond issue for the construction of good roads in that state. This is the second large bond issue for that purpose to have been submitted to the people of California. As a result of the election of 1910, \$18,000,000 was realized and more than two-thirds of it have been spent. However, the subject is so popular with the people of that state that there is every indication that it will pass. California has also adopted a convict road law similar to the one in force in Colorado.

The subject of good roads is beginning to be one of nation-wide interest. Farmers realize that good roads will be worth more to them than any other single improvement that could be made. Illinois has the worst roads in the world and it is to be hoped that the people will soon come to a realization of the fact that the best investment they can make will be a comprehensive system of hard roads all over the state. Many millions of dollars are lost to farmers of Illinois every year, because of inability to transport their products to market during the fall, winter and spring seasons.

The best seller in the German trenches is said to be Charles Dickens, translated, the second best Dumas, and then Turgeneff and Tolstol.

HEALTH TALKS
William Brady, M.D.
The Skinny, Nervous Woman.

The long-waisted woman and her floating kidneys, some one has called her. The chronic invalid who is never really sick but always feeling below par. The long, lank, ill-nourished, anemic, married or unmarried old maid. A rag, a bone, a hank of straight, discouraging hair. The poor creature. The base of the doctor's office.

What ails her, anyhow? Dr. Weir Mitchell took a famous view of her case. He called it by a famous name and treated it by a famous method. She had no reserve force, she was neurotic, she required rest, forced feeding. She needed the rest cure.

Other eminent men have taken other views of her. Every one is entitled to a look. These other views have flashed harshly, but nevertheless have often led to results quite as happy as any Mitchell could show.

One view, sort of a profile, shows her a loose woman, physically speaking. She doesn't seem to have a very firm grasp upon her inner self. An ailment about somewhere far from its ordinary moorings. Her liver is inclined to slide down to the limits of its ligaments. Her stomach feels right there where it belongs to her—but an X-ray photograph often enough discloses its trick of staying away from home so long as the woman keeps upon her feet, and slipping back after dark, when she retires to her customary horizontal couch.

Well, what of it? Shall we say all these cruel things of a very estimable woman and leave her to ponder them at her leisure?

No, far be it from us—Of course, there's the operation of stitching things back in place, but that is another story. Can she be helped?

CRIMEA, RUSSIAN RIVIERA, DESERTED NOW

"Crimea is deserted; for Crimea is the playgrounds of Russia, and there are few in the mighty empire who now have time for play," says a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society today. "A bower of fairest fruits and most beautiful flowers"—the statement continues—"Crimea, the sunny peninsula jutting into the northern waters of the Black sea is the loveliest gem in the Russian diadem of conquered lands. The Tartar dwellers in Crimea call this land the 'Little Paradise,' while the world at large speaks of it as the 'Russian Riviera.' It is a fairland of mild sunshine, delightful scenery, and luxurious fruitfulness."

The Russian Riviera reaches along the southeast coast from Capt Sarych to Feodosiya, and the way is strewn with summer bathing resorts, enchanting gardens, copseful parks, inviting promenades, cozy, picturesque villas, and fine palaces of the Russian imperial family and of Russian nobles. The season of these resorts—Alupka, Yalta, Alushta, Sudak, Feodosiya—is now just in the dawning. This strip of coastland, sloping from the green-smothered mountain ribs behind into the tideless waters of the Black Sea, is putting on its Garden of Eden dress. Crimea, also has a winter season.

"About this time in May in the years before the war, the Crimean Riviera coast has been in the midst of its preparations for the new season's entertainments; garden and parks were being trimmed and planted, villas and hotels and pensions were being painted and repaired, and playgrounds all along the coast were being put in order. Ancient ruins, Greek and medieval, nestled in the hills back from the water, and around them and before them spread groves of bays, cypresses, mulberries, figs, olives, pomegranates, and many sorts of nut trees, while deeper-toned forests of oak, beech, elm, pine and fir form a rich background to the pleasure. In profusion the Japanese plum and cherry, begonia, myrtles, camellias, mimosa, and many varieties of fruit trees grow in the public gardens, brighten the private parks, and cluster about the isolated villas."

"The Crimean peninsula, covering an

Scotland and Cakes.

Scotland came to be known centuries ago as the "Land of Cakes" and as such has been celebrated in prose and poetry. One may yet in traveling through that northern land come upon country inns and herders' huts, see women who never attended a "cooking school" and who, over a peat fire in the great chimney place, a griddle swung by a crane over the slow coals, baking a cake more than a foot in diameter, savory and promising a feast for the gods, and who, when the big cake is ready for the turning, will seize the griddle by the handle, give it a toss in the air and turn that cake with an art motion not to be seen in any other place on earth, the big, round slab turning a loop the loop and alighting with the other side down in the same place as before to the breadth of a slender stem of the heather.—Exchange.

A Museum of Crime.

Professor Hans Gross of the University of Graz, Austria, has the credit of establishing the first museum of criminology and a criminalistic laboratory, where the weapons, tools and other paraphernalia and materials used by criminals are assembled to assist in the analysis of the workings of criminal minds and a study of methods and systems for dealing with this large and dangerous class of every

without an operation? She can, and will. She must have support, however. We must support her in her endeavor to pick up flesh and be young once more like the rest of us.

The character of the support required depends upon the individual conditions present. But some form of abdominal bandage is needed. It must be applied before she gets upon her feet in the morning. It must be made to measure, and fitted with special regard to the organs most needing support.

Just a hint we are offering. Our intention is good, we would save depreciation of the sex.

Questions and Answers.

The Makings of a Hair-Ball: What causes a child of three years to eat yarn, or almost anything woolly from sweaters, mackintoshes and the like? He has too many worms—I know we all have a few. Would yarn and wool cause worms or would the worms cause him to eat such queer things?

We do not all have worms, only a small and insignificant percentage of us. The worms may be the cause. Better have him treated properly by your doctor. If the habit is not broken a hair-ball will form in the stomach or bowels, and perhaps years later cause serious trouble.

Coddling. Croup, Adenoids: My boy, 3 1/2 years old, has had a cold all winter and spring, and occasionally a croupy spell. My physician thinks he has adenoids. Have always kept him in the house as he is quite sensitive to cold air or cold weather.

Reply.

Here's the logical order. You've coddled the child; result naturally enough, nasal catarrh, adenoids, croup. Give him outdoor air or he will never be better.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

AMONG THE MORMONS.

(By Wireless.)

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 22.—This is the village where men in years gone by were wont to stage contests to determine who could land the most wives in a given period. We are told that polygamy is no longer practiced in these parts, but if you talk with a neutral he will wink one eye when he tells you that the Mormons have put their boasts of reforming into full effect.

While looking in front of my hotel last night I saw seven women chasing a lone man. A policeman nearby did not seem at all concerned over the incident. I breezed up to him and asked him if he saw the sprinting match and if he didn't think the poor man was entitled to some protection from the law.

"That's nothing to get excited about," he said. "It's a daily occurrence here. You must be a stranger, eh? That chap drew his pay today and his wives are all trying to get to him at the same time. That's all."

Yet back in Rock Island we hear husbands with one wife complaining. Despite their reported burdens the men here all appear to be thriving. It is said the altitude is conducive of physical friskiness. I tried to gain information concerning the living arrangements of the men who are said to have plural wives. The barber who removed my brush this morning said he understood in some parts of the city the wives met daily and shook dice and that the winner called up her husband and advised him that his place was with her the night following. Accepting this to be a fact, I wondered if any of the wives were ever caught with loaded dice.

Our party (including Franz Hupp, your popular capitalist) has left California behind. We had planned to inspect Mount Lassen, but it was in the midst of another mud slinking campaign and we decided to pass it up. Next we will honor Colorado with our presence. If they haven't moved Pike's Peak we probably will attempt to scale its heights. I am trying to get friend Hupp into a wager on climbing the peak astride burrows. I have offered to bet him \$100 that my burrow will reach the summit before his. It would be a cinch for me, as I know this little animal, which is acknowledged to be the slowest beast extant with the exception of the w. k. small. It only takes one word from me to make a burrow hump.

I expect to buy my new straw Kelley in good old Rock Island, California, and the west may be all they claim to be, and we have had a delightful time throughout our trip—but we have learned a whole lot, and that is that the garden spot of these United States is in the Mississippi valley, with Rock Island located right in the center.

JERRY WELCH.

F. D. WRITES to inquire if he be true that the Liberty bell is cracked, why it is permitted to be at large. For the enlightenment of our correspondent we might state that the bell is to be tied to the car during its trip from Philadelphia to San Francisco.

MASS meeting has been called next week for "the revival of the Chicago spirit." Reads as though Peoria was threatened with competition.

Obituary Note.

"Dell" the family horse of Mrs. Julia Ferris died Saturday, aged 31. She had been with them 27 years and was never known to give the least trouble in all these years of faithful kind service.—Carriage Republican.

Davenport's Shame.

If we lay and rubes of the country did our voting on election day in horse barns, wouldn't the colyum critics on the city papers have conclusions? But that's just what numerous ladies and gentlemen did in Davenport one day last week when an election was held on a question pertaining to the public schools.—Reynolds Press.

THE Stockton, Ill., Herald observes: "The only time the average country editor calls a man Mister is when he gets married." Except in returning a receipt for a paid up old subscription.

DR. Hibben's talk before the international arbitration conference showed as though he was battling for the gentlemen he succeeded as president of Princeton university.

CAN'T imagine that Mayor Thompson takes kindly to the claim that the \$50,000 which the Chicago baseball lottery nets its promoters weekly is an evidence of the return of prosperity under the new municipal administration. Especially in the face of some of the reforms promised by Brother Thompson before and after his election.

ONCE MORE THE JIT.

(Reply to Otto, Milt and Becka.) Oh, you little jitney bus. You are in an awful "muss." Praised by some, by others cursed, Saying you are all unjust.

It is hard to wear your shoes And to take so much abuse; Take a friend's word and cheer up And if need be drink the cup.

After awhile, dear jitney car, They will find out what you are; Critics then will play your card, Apologize, and beg your "pard."

T. T. J.

THE head writers know the Italian by another name, but you do not see any of them using it. Not in war times.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

His Salutatory Oration—By Eunice Blake.

To the collegian the time of his graduation is critical, especially if he has been prominent in college and much is expected of him. The question has been asked: What becomes of all the valedictorians? This is a story of what became of a young man who stood next to head in his class, but who bade fair to take a more important stand in life than any other member.

It was a few days before commencement. Elliot Ayres, who was expected by his mother and sister to hear him speak at graduation, went to the station to meet them. Having missed the train, they failed to arrive, but some one else arrived whose coming made a considerable difference to Mr. Ayres.

He was slowly walking away from the train when he felt a pair of arms with extremely light covering thrown around his neck, an uplifted face was thrust against his, and he was kissed by a very pretty girl he had never seen before. Discovering that she had made a mistake, she shrank from the man she had kissed, covering her face with her hands.

The first impression made upon Ayres by this sudden clasping was that it was done for the purpose of robbing him. Involuntarily he put his hand on the inside pocket of his coat, where he kept his pocketbook, and it was not there.

"Give me my pocketbook," he said in a not very deferential tone.

The girl uncovered her face and looked at him, the hot blood mounting to her cheeks.

"What do you mean?" she asked indignantly.

There was a refinement about her that seemed preclude the possibility of her being a thief. Besides, her indignation bore the stamp of being genuine. Ayres felt again in his pocket and on looking down on the sleeve of his coat remembered that he had changed it before leaving his room. Then it occurred to him that he had not changed his pocketbook as well.

"I beg your pardon," he said quite meekly. "I have made a mistake as well as you. I left my pocketbook at home."

Now, why in the name of Justice was not this a fair standoff between the two? Each had been mistaken; therefore there was nothing further to do but for the girl to say, "You are quite excusable," and for the man to say, "Good morning," and lifting his hat, deferentially pass on. But what must the girl do but shoot fire from her eyes and say:

"Give me your name and address. My brother will call upon you to avenge this insult!"

"But I have explained. I beg a thousand pardons!"

Sidelights on the European War

Odesa, Russia.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—The emperor's trip to southern Russia, the latest of the remarkable series of journeys which the Russian ruler has been making into various parts of his empire in a democratic effort to get closer in touch with his people, was a complete success.

The emperor drove through streets lined with cheering crowds. He wore a simple service uniform, with the khaki-colored blouse of a Russian officer of ordinary rank. He rode in an automobile, attended by a single aide. During his progress across the city he threw etiquette and tradition to the winds and stood up in his car, hat in hand, bowing and smiling to the cheering crowds.

In a central square the emperor stepped out of his automobile and inspected the local troops. It was perfunctory ceremony. At a brisk pace he walked along the entire front, stopping now and then to exchange a word with one of the privates. Then he walked back thoughtfully to the center of the line and made a brief extempore speech. It was without oratorical embroidery, simply worded and matter-of-fact in delivery, but wonderfully effective. He reviewed the history of the war, reminded the men of Russia's glorious past and spoke of the splendid deeds of the army in the present campaign.

"Do as your brothers have done," he said in closing. "Do as they have done on the battlefields of East Prussia, Galicia and Bukovina. God will watch over you, and Russia will remember you."

There was absolute silence for a full minute after he had finished. Then the silence was broken by the crash of a thunderous chorus of cheers: "Long live the emperor! Long live the little father!"

During his visit the emperor had an opportunity to show his mastery of English. The British consul-general, accompanied by a delegation of English residents, presented their congratulations, expressing on behalf of England admiration and appreciation of the Russian army's work. The emperor replied in English:

"I thank you sincerely for what you have said. We do not forget how much we in Russia owe to the brave English and French. We are now on the high road to victory, and with the aid of the allies, the common cause shall speedily triumph."

Some idea of the manner in which the emperor's trips through the country aim to reach the "workmen and common people may be gained from an account of his visit to the Briansk factory at Bixitz. The whole working population, numbering nearly 40,000, turned out to meet him, and a delegation consisting of workmen for at least 20 years, presented him with bread and salt, the traditional emblems of hospitality.

"You may beg a million if you like!" "But"—

"Never mind. Since you refuse me your name and address, I shall have to locate you. I can point you out." And, turning on her heel, she swept out of the station.

The next day about 10 in the morning a military band gathered on the college campus. Positions for the various classes and alumni were marked. Young men in caps and gowns began to pour out of the dormitories, the commencement procession was formed and marched to the chapel for the graduating exercises. The salutatory oration was delivered by Ayres. His place was second in rank, but the valedictorian was a grind, while Ayres was considered a genius, of whom great things were expected when he got into the battle of life.

Ayres, being the first man to speak, stepped on the rostrum and made his bow to the audience, most of whom, knowing his caliber, awaited expectantly the power of his eloquence.

Mr. Ayres, looking down on the benches before him, saw sitting in the front row the girl whom he had the day before accused of robbing him and whose brother was to settle with him for the insult. No such revenge was necessary. The young lady looked up at the salutatorian at the critical moment of his life and slew him.

The first sentence of Ayres' oration had been written to arrest the attention of the audience. It was a vigorous sentence of two words. As Ayres spoke it it was like bringing down a feather instead of a sledgehammer. And this would apply to his whole oration. The girl in the audience sat looking up at him with a pair of beautiful liquid eyes filled with contempt. The most telling utterance she received with a curl of the lip; at those parts which were intended to express great feeling she gave him a look of levity.

The oration was a failure. When Ayres stepped down from the rostrum he knew that his audience had been greatly disappointed in him. His mother and sister joined him and asked him what in the world had been the matter with him. He put them off. If he had told them the truth he would have said that a career had been ruined.

Ayres never recovered from that failure. He had intended to study law, and his classmates had averred that he would turn out a statesman. He went back to the farm from which he had gone to college and never left it. He is now an old man, who has never done any more important work than raising corn and potatoes.

And the girl who slew him? She is now prominent socially and a leader among women.

"We are happy that you have come," said the leader of the delegation. "We wish you to see our labor, which we are performing joyfully for you and for our dear country, while our children and brothers are fighting on the field of battle."

The emperor spent four hours in the factory going through all the workshops and carefully inspecting progress of the work. Later he visited the workmen's quarters, going into several houses and talking with the men's families.

Bucharest.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—The Turkish ministry of war places the total of men under arms at present at 1,322,000.

More conservative estimates in Constantinople give the number as about 500,000. This includes 200,000 Christians who are being used for digging trenches and building railways, roads and bridges.

The actual fighting men are divided into five armies. The first, encamped at Adrianople and around Constantinople under von der Goltz, is said to be about 100,000 strong. The second, under Djemal Pasha, aims at Egypt with 150,000 men. The third is located around Bagdad with 50,000. The fourth, in the Caucasus, numbers 150,000, while the fifth, estimated at something over 100,000 is operating in the vicinity of the Dardanelles.

Probably the best equipped troops are gathered around Constantinople, which is also admirably defended by concentric rings of up-to-date fortifications. An excellent battery has been placed in position immediately below the mosque of St. Sophia.

Although the German advisers of the government have taken over practical command of military affairs, they make no attempt to meddle in police and civil matters. The press censorship, for example, is under Turkish auspices, and correspondents, even from Germany, are handled ruthlessly. Thus the correspondents of the Cologne Zeitung and the Deutsches Armees Zeitzung have been interned at Konia, the correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse has been condemned to a year's imprisonment, and the representative of the Berlin Tageblatt has been expelled.

May 22 in American History.

337.—Constantine the Great, first and last Christian emperor of Rome, died; born 274.
1688.—Alexander Pope, poet, born; died 1744.
1807.—The trial of Aaron Burr for high treason began at Richmond, Va.
1886.—Victor Hugo, French poet, dramatist and novelist, died; born 1802.
1898.—Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," "Equality," etc., died; born 1850.